

## Church of the Transfiguration

Edgeley, North Dakota

June 3, 1945

Dear Father Ellacuria:

Your letter of May 10th came in due time and I was delighted to receive it. I have not been able to answer before this, but we have been praying for you. We have been praying for you especially while driving in the car on our numerous missionary trips. You see we live in a land of great distances. One cannot write when driving, but it does give time for prayer. I have told Mary of your request for prayers, and she has agreed to remember you and your intentions.

We had already heard about you. Father McNamara and Mrs. Brennan had both spoken of you, and Father Higgins of Livingston, California, had also told us something about you. I had several times said mass in the old Plaza Church in Los Angeles, and had met some of the Claretian Fathers. I enjoyed the Plaza Church very much. The fathers gave the impression that I was really welcome, and of course I felt at home in a church where so much honor is given to Our Blessed Master. When your letter came I felt that you were an old friend.

I used the term "we" when I said that we had prayed for your intentions. I must introduce the "we". It includes six sisters, (a little local religious community that is made up of girls from the parish) some seminarians, (also from the parish), Mary, and my cousin, Mrs. Ella Singler. I want to introduce the latter. She acts as our housekeeper, and is also the parish charity-worker. I might add that she is the best convert-maker in the parish, and God has given her a "gift of healing" that is extraordinary. She is one of those souls who are divinely favored. She and Mary are kindred souls, but unlike Mary she is not called on to suffer the same diabolical attacks. That does not mean that she is not also a good "soldier of Christ", but that her assignment is different.



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J. M. J.

St. Patrick Academy  
Mokenca, Illinois

June 18, 1935

My dear Spiritual Father:

May you have a holy and happy feast day, showered with our Divine Master's choicest blessings. I shall be united with you on your feast day and will redouble my efforts to spend the day more fervently for you in hopes that God will reward you generously for all your kindness to me.

We have come to the close of another school year and several of our Sisters have already left to attend Summer school at Beaverville.

Our school closed on June 10, and on June 15, eightyfive Girl Scouts arrived here to make a three day retreat. On the 17, sixty more Girl Scouts came to make a three day retreat. It will end tomorrow and then our Sisters will be able to take a well deserved rest, and the word of God will have reached



a few more souls. Would that we could do more to bring Him closer to many souls.

I know you do not forget me in your prayers but I am going to ask you to pray very much for two of my subjects and for me too that the Holy Spirit may enlighten me. One of them you know, Father and you were a big help to her when you were here but she has fallen back to what she was and if anything she is worse; I don't know how any religious can go day after day without the Holy Eucharist and often not even Holy Mass. I have never asked that any Sister have a change but Father I am wondering if I should not ask Rev. Mother to make a change in this case - I am afraid Sister has been here too long and I really am worried about her eternal salvation. I have tried to speak to her but when I call her attention to things she gets angry, says I don't like her & don't understand her so you see I cannot do much for her but pray.

There is much more I could say but it can't be put on paper. Would to God He would send you to me. I have missed you more than anyone



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will ever know - but my trust in Him has no bounds and I know He will take care of this soul. The example to the younger Sisters worries me some.

As for myself I am still working on greater interior recollection particularly "Silence of the Mind." Ask Him to give me the grace of increased love. If I loved Him more I would not forget Him so easily.

I am enclosing a copy of the formula I used for my vows as you requested. I have failed a couple of times but He knows how weak I am.

I saw Francis in Beaverville a few weeks ago and she looked pretty well but she suffers intensely - she feels quite alone and less & less a member of the Community. She spoke of you too - how she would love to have a good talk with you. There are many things she would like to tell me too but she has no permission.

You will be happy to know that one of our students who lives in St. Jude's parish in South Chicago will enter our Community in July. Her name is Elsie Gomez and she is an angel. Father Michall



was instrumental in sending Elsie here to school and of course he is very happy because she is entering. Pray with us that she perseveres in her vocation.

Sister Mary Eleanore is feeling very well; she will stay in Manteno this summer instead of being Mother M. Dolores's companion at Camp.

I am reading the Third Spiritual Alphabet by Osuna, translated from the Spanish, and I have learned a lot from it. It belongs to Mother Rose Mary. It is not possible to buy it now. When you wrote to me you spoke of Sister M. of the Incarnation. I tried to get a book of her life but was not successful. Will you let me know the exact title of the book which speaks of her?

Again, Father I promise you my day on your feast, asking you too, to pray for me that I will have the courage to be all He would like me to be.

I am always gratefully, your  
Spiritual daughter,  
Sister St Eugene.



+  
J M J

Our Lady Academy  
Manteno, Illinois

June 17, 1945

Reverend Father Aloysius

Dear Father,

Praised be our Eucharistic  
King in His chosen dwelling within your  
breast!

I hope to have this letter reach  
you for your birthday and Namesday  
to express my sincerest wish and  
prayer for you on that day. It is the  
wish and prayer that the Most Sacred  
Heart fill your soul - so precious to Him -  
with grace and love and light together  
with fortitude to carry on His Own  
Divine work with souls, despite all  
obstacles that the evil one may raise.

Truly, Father, you are doing a great  
work - regardless of how little fruit God  
lets you see. You are one of His dependable  
ones, from whom He knows He can ask  
all - even reputation and esteem of others  
if need be, to repair the crimes of those



who curse and spurn Him, seeking all the glory that this wretched world can give.

Father - does this letter sound strange?? I am writing this way because I feel you very near to me at times and have felt you so at several times during the year. It seems you are suffering very very much and are without consolation or support. Perhaps I am wrong - Am I? I am quite sure that God is imposing on your generous soul, the suffering of reparation for my two past years of infidelity and sinfulness. Of this I am heartily ashamed and sorry, for I have never wanted to see any innocent soul suffer for my sins. But will it console you to know, in return, that His Merciful Love has pursued me to the point where I hope - with His own strength - to be completely faithful to Him once more! I say "once more" because I do believe that through His Divine grace, I was so at one time.

Yes, Father, I have felt God "tugging" at my sinful heart until now I completely surrender and hope again in His



Merciful Love to draw very close to Him,  
there to stay. I feel now that I should  
never censure anyone - not even the greatest  
sinner, when I realize my own immeasurable  
weakness! Think of how good God was to  
me - and see how in return, I have re-  
nounced Him to follow my own selfish  
desires. I am indeed very aware and very  
conscious of my positive wretchedness.  
Father - beg God, please, to make me  
persevere in fidelity to Him - no matter  
what it costs.

I know dear Sister Mary Christine  
would like me to extend her best wishes  
for your Namesday and to beg for your  
prayers for her, if she knew I was writing.

I do not feel obliged to answer this  
letter, Father, but pray for my poor soul  
and be assured that your silent cruci-  
fixion is not fruitless, but rather, is  
stretching out illimitably - to souls  
everywhere, which one day you will  
see in Heaven.

Respectfully and gratefully  
I remain

Sister Monica

P.S. Both of letters were received - Thank You, Father.



J. M. J.

Saint Alphonsus Hospital  
Boise, Idaho.

June 24th

Saint John pray for us

Rev Aloysius Ellsworth C.M.F.

My Dear Brother in Christ

Why so silent or am I to blame.

Hope you are well, not changed to another assignment  
I have been thinking of you often of late and too with  
an extra prayer for you and your Novices who were  
to receive their holy Ordination this month.  
I have made my retreat, that to you shared in all  
my prayers, a Benedictine Father gave it, he was good  
and very practical.

Did you receive my last letter, I do not remember  
if I sent Mass offerings but I do remember asking  
you to send me a pair of scapulars when ever you  
would have time to write.

now I am renewing that request, I mean Immaculate  
Lati H. of Mary  
Scapulars, inclosed find Mass offerings for the  
following intentions, one, for Temporal & Spiritual welfare  
of Mrs Dwy & Husband, In Honor of the Sacred Heart  
one, for my living relatives In Honor of the Immaculate Heart  
of Mary in Reparation to the Sacred  
Heart,  
one, for the poor souls In Honor of the most Holy Trinity  
one, for Billy Dresser, who is home from the army  
discharged he is now at Summer school in Portland  
University, he had intended to be a priest in fact  
Mrs Navarro had made a Novena to Our Lord for him



and certified his vocation for him, that he was to be a Dominican priest. I am worried about him, because he intends to enter a medical school this fall to take up medicine, I never asked him to be a priest, it is entirely his own, he did tell Mrs Navarro that he felt he had a vocation and wanted to be, he wrote me from Europe saying he would be a priest when he would get home, I am anxious about him for his souls salvation because none of his family are Catholics.

Please Father offer Your Holy Mass for him, ask Our Lord if he should be a priest, in Honor of the Blessed Mother and the Sacred Heart and St. Beguina Consolata, and please tell me what I should write him concerning his vocation, he is not in Boise any more, but I will write to him when I hear from You, and I will be grateful to You for Your advice in the matter.

Offer One for all our priests, and those suffering in Prisons in foreign lands

One for perseverance for all the members of the Claretian Order, in Honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, when ever it may be convenient for You. Thanking You dear Father, for all Your prayers and Blessings in my behalf.

God and Mary ever love and keep You in Their Hearts, my prayers and wish for You

Sincerely Your Sister in J. M. J.

Sister M. Mildreda



St. Patrick Academy  
Alton, Illinois

J.M.J.

June 23, 1945.

Rev. Aloysius Ellacuria, C.M.F.,  
Claretian Major Seminary,  
Compton, California.

Rev. dear Father:

I trust that you had a very happy feast day and that your dear patron obtained for you God's choicest graces and blessings, in particular, the graces which you most desired. In my short greeting to you for your feast day, I told you that I would write later.

Thank you very much for your letter of May 23 which I received on the 28th, the evening before the anniversary of my First Holy Communion. It was a deep happiness to know that I would have a very special memento in your Holy Sacrifice on that day. I have read and re-read your letter, Father, and I have meditated much upon its contents. Yes, indeed, I do need humility and confidence, perhaps even more so than you may think.

I have decided to tell you the state of my soul as I see it with its numerous needs. It will be humiliating to do so - yet I feel that you do know my soul better than I do myself; and I need your advice and help so badly in the continued battle and struggle I have been having with myself for the past four months.

The difficulties seem to have started upon my return from my visits to the schools during February and March. As I have told you before, many of the Sisters came to me with their particular problems, some of them school matters and many more, not. One of the things I used most to almost envy in Mother Rose Mary when she was supervisor of our schools, was the confidence which the Sisters always gave her. When she would come for her annual visits, she would do more spiritually than she did materially - often the latter would be left to one side to take care of the more important spiritual difficulties in which the Sisters found themselves. I know now that Mother herself often suffered much because of this confidence the Sisters placed in her. When I was named supervisor to replace her, I knew that I could never replace her in this capacity; I felt that I would do what I could - but replace her, never.



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Mokenca, Illinois  
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However, as time has gone on, I have found that many of the Sisters have come to me. Often there has been little I could do except to listen to them and urge them to go to their superior or to Reverend Mother. I have always upheld authority and always done all I could to get the Sisters to go to authority for I have always told them that God's special grace is given to those in authority. This duty of listening to the Sisters has often been a source of deep sorrow to me. I have asked advice again and again and I have always received the same answer : that it was my duty to listen to them. I have often been accused of having been too sympathetic - often the Sisters themselves may have been responsible for this. However, is listening to them and giving them an opportunity to express their feelings, sympathizing with them? I cannot see that it is. I have often had the feeling that Reverend Mother resents the fact that the Sisters do speak to me. As I have told you before, I found many sad things upon my visits to the schools. I do not think it necessary to go into details. I feel that you understand. Many a time I have gone to Reverend Mother and pleaded the cause of one or the other. I have informed her of conditions at times when it cost me much to do so; however, when I felt it a duty, I did it regardless of the cost.

Upon my return home after my visits, I found many things here which made my heart sick. I felt that who was I to find fault as it were in other houses when so many disorders existed in my own. The reaction seemed to have taken its toll upon my nervous energy. Upon my return, I was impatient with the girls, more than impatient - I was merciless with them. I scolded and found fault - even though they had done much during my absence to take care of matters, nothing they had done seemed to meet with my approval. I moreover lost my balance with them and caused them much suffering, so much so that they would have been glad, I believe, had I gone away again. One evening after I had been most unkind to some of the girls who had done most during my absence, Sister Adelaide spoke to me and told me what she thought of me. She did not spare me in the least - and all that she said, I richly deserved. My heart ached - for I knew that I had been wrong, no matter what disorders I had found. All of this did not justify me in "taking it out" as it were upon the girls. That evening after much prayer to the Holy Spirit, before the girls went to bed, I called them down to the high school room where I made a public apology to them for the manner in which I had been treating them since my return a few days before. I cried and they did, too - but in the fulness of their hearts, they attributed my weakness to overwork. They were most kind and forgiving. It has been a lesson to me which I



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Momence, Illinois

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hope I shall never forget. The next day I went to Mother St. Eugene and told her all. Naturally she regretted what I had done but approved the apology I had made. I never heard that the girls referred to it other than to have expressed approval. So much for that.

Then, when I began to think matters over and weigh conditions as I found them here, I began to feel resentment to Reverend Mother for not having given us the help we needed during the year. It seemed to me that she had been unfair to Momence. Practically all of our difficulties - and they have been many - have come from the fact that we have not been enough Sisters and that many have not been fitted for their charges. Had we the ~~people~~ <sup>people</sup> who were capable, more than half of our difficulties would disappear. I tried in writing to let Reverend Mother know ~~how~~ how I felt. Evidently she misunderstood and when I tried to make matters clear, she told me that I misunderstood and that since her letters were not taken in the spirit she had meant them, that she would no longer write. When I was obliged to go to Kankakee for council meeting, I went with much reluctance but firmly determined to try to rearrange matters between us. Reverend Mother's abruptness and apparent unwillingness to see me or give me the opportunity to speak to her ( I realize that she was busy but it seemed evident to me that she didn't care to have time for me ) - then her cutting me off twice during council meeting ) left me more bitter and enraged than before. What was the use of continuing, I argued? That evening, when I went to say good-bye to her before returning, she did not ask me to remain over, though two of the other council members told me that our council meeting was to continue the next morning. I couldn't then, get out of Kankakee, quickly enough. Brooding over the matter at home, did not help conditions. I felt that since I was cut off during the meeting and since I wasn't wanted, the only thing left for me to do was to send in my resignation. I called Mother St. Claire and discussed the question with her. She assured me that I was entirely wrong and that I should not act. I waited. I didn't care, then, to go to Beaverville for Rev. Mother's feast. Mother St. Claire told me, however, that I was expected as council meeting was to be held on that day. I had no other choice but to go. I prayed hard that I might act naturally with Rev. Mother, although my heart was so bitted toward her. I say, bitter, Father, perhaps that was feeling - God knows how hard I have tried not to bear resentment towards her. Then I was obliged to go to Beaverville this past Monday to open our summer session. I didn't want to go - but again I had no choice.



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I spent a very miserable time there for two days. I was very happy to leave there. While there, I was asked by Mother Rose Mary if I didn't prefer to remain there for the summer than to go to camp - and I answered definitely "no." Twice while there, I had a rather heated argument with Reverend Mother - heated on my side, I suppose. Once it happened in reference to our schedule for the Sisters who are studying. Some of the things which I have been obliged to tell Rev. Mother which cost me so much were in regard to things at Beaverville during the summer. We had arranged our schedule while we were together in K.K.K. with Mother Rose Mary. When I saw the typed program on the bulletin board in Beaverville, there was a big change which had not even been told to me. I told Rev. Mother I resented it - when she tried to explain, I expressed my disapproval and then she "cut" me again by her abruptness and reproach. The next morning again - I spoke impolitely to her - this time telling her that I would not do the thing she told me to do. It is a long story and perhaps unessential to tell you now. I have cause for being hurt in regard to it, but I know that it is not "surround-er" or abandonment to Divine Providence to speak thus to authority. Naturally I no sooner spoke than I regretted it. That afternoon, I asked to see Rev. Mother and I apologized for my impoliteness twice since I had been there. If Rev. Mother would only show a little kindness and sympathy instead of so curtly cutting you off, I believe that she could make me do anything for her. As it is, I cannot express the feeling which overpowers me when I have to come near her. The passion of anger, bitterness and resentment seem to arise in such force that I can scarcely control myself and speak naturally to her. Frankly I believe that she herself is trying so hard not to hurt me yet obliged to speak because of duty, that I know she must suffer on her side and it is agony on mine. I know that I am supersensitive, that I am proud, that I want things my own way, etc. but Father, before God, I have tried so hard and have prayed so much over all of this. Is this what God wants of me? Much of this now seems to be a physical reaction and entirely beyond my control. This, too, is a deep source of suffering. I feel that I am being asked or expected to do the work of three persons - I have tried to keep up all to the best of my ability with the result that I feel myself almost a nervous wreck over it. If Rev. Mother could only understand but she does not. In addition to all of this, I have the work of the camp. No one knows the amount of work this is for me. I have been losing much sleep as I have been staying up nights to try to get caught up on things. I cannot get caught up - yet the work is expected to be done. How can one possibly do more than one humanly can? I have a few days at home before I go to camp - but even so, there is no time to rest; too much, again, remains to be done. Now my questions:



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1. Since conditions are as they are, ~~may~~ I have your permission to send Reverend Mother my resignation first as school supervisor, and second as council member? You know how much this position as councillor has always cost me. Is it God's will that I continue in spite of the difficulties between Rev. Mother and myself. In justice to Reverend Mother, I feel bound to tell you that in spite of all of this, she has shown me so much confidence that at times it overwhelms me. I know that she has confided things to me which she has not even to Mother St. Claire. She has always told me that she respects my discretion and that she knows that I keep things which she tells me to myself. Even this time while I was in Beaverville, she gave me a very personal and intimate letter to read which she had received from our Mother Vicar General. She seems to respect my judgment and opinion in matters which do not concern myself. As long as we keep away from matters which concern me, things between us are not so bad. Am I in duty bound to continue both as supervisor and councillor? It is impossible, Father, to try to do the work of supervisor when I am tied up with responsibilities here at Mokenca. The two things just do not agree. If I take care of one, the other suffers - if I neglect the one, it is the same again. How can I possibly do the two? The utter impossibility of doing all that I am expected to do discourages and disgusts me. Why? why? why?

2. What can I do to overcome these strong feelings of bitterness, resentment, disgust and discouragement? I happened to go to confession one day while in Chicago to a Paulist Father at St. Mary's. He spoke of the example of St. Francis de Sales and told me of the incident in his life when he almost despaired and when after saying a Memorare to our Blessed Mother, peace was restored to his soul. Upon my return home, I took out from the library a copy of his life and I read and re-read this particular incident about which Father had spoken. Peace returned for a time. During May, Father Moisant, in response to my request, came to give a day of recollection to our grade children and to consecrate to our Blessed Mother two of our girls who are to enter our community and my little niece who is just four. I went to confession to Father and told him briefly how matters stood. He was most severe with me and told me that I had to surrender. He told me that I was obliged to do as Rev. Mother wished me to do but that she was not obliged to do ~~was~~ I wished her to do; that she had the right of authority and that I had the obligation of surrendering all, not only to her but to my companions and even the children. Again peace returned but only for a time. The battle and struggle still continued. Repeatedly in confession, I stated the con-



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dition of my soul and invariably I tried to do as I was told and again at various times, peace returned only to disappear again as each struggle renews itself. Those strong feelings of anger, impatience, resentment, bitterness, disgust and discouragement which for some time at least seemed dormant seem to have returned with such force and vigor that they almost frighten me. It is almost as the man from whom our Lord expelled the demon - seven others returned more powerful than the first.

3. I have been under the care of a gland specialist in Chicago for the past year or two. It appears that I have both a thyroid and pituitary deficiency along with an almost pernicious anemia. The doctor has ordered a very stringent diet - about 1,000 calories per day - which I have tried in vain to follow. Mother St. Eugene thinks the idea useless - the doctor does not understand the amount of work we have to do. It is impossible to follow his directions and yet be obliged to do the work I am supposed to do. I cannot do it. Is this, too, just stubbornness on my part? Am I here also refusing submission and surrender?

4. Another thing which casts me much to speak of. I wrote to you concerning my fast on candy. During the past year, I always have such an insatiable desire for sweets that at times, I would almost be tempted to "steal" candy in order to satisfy that desire. Again, is this merely immortification or gluttony? Is our Lord displeased with me that I did not remain faithful to the promise I made Him now years ago, even though I was released from the promise? I was told then not to worry over it since I had been released by God's representative in the sacred tribunal of penance and that I should eat all the candy I wished. May I have your opinion, Father, please?

Some time ago, you gave me permission to take the discipline once a week. However, Mother St. Eugene would not ratify that permission at that time. She asked if I had told you of my physical condition then; as I had not, she told me not to take it for the present. I seem to have lost the copy of the Litany of Humility of Cardinal Merri del Val. I have asked in vain for a copy but I have been promised one in French so as soon as I can get it, I shall say it daily as you requested. It may not be possible to recite it after Mass as the time of our thanksgiving is so short. Will it be all right if I recite it when convenient during the day?

You tell me to force myself to practice the third degree of humility. After you have read all of this, you will, no doubt,



6-24-45

My dear Father Aloysius:

How happy you have made me with your nice Christmas message, giving me a share in your good prayers. I will pray for you also Father. Every night when I get in bed I say a rosary for one of my priest friends, so tonight it will be for you, and I will use the little rosary which belonged to Marie-Rose Ferron and which was carressed so many times in life by her little stigmatized hands. I will ask Rose to stay with you always and obtain for you many blessings. I have so many rosaries, the little one belonging to Rose, one which Fr. Mac had blessed by Our Lord, thru Mrs. Brennan, my Father Lukas rosary, and a little rosary which came from Mrs. Wise. The poor soul was so very poor after her cure, so the best she could manage was three cheap little rosaries, as she wanted to have something there to be blessed by Our Lord when He came. She gave the third one to me, and I am so happy to have it, and I hope Our Lord will forgive me for the pride I take in these possessions, which mean so much to me. I will see to it that your intentions are mentioned on all of my beads.

Enclosed is a letter which my friend, Anthony Renwick sent to me. You need not return it, and I hope you will enjoy the story of Blessed Mother's statue at Tilly. The lady who wrote the letter was a close friend of the late Marie-Julie Jahanne, and is using the notes of the late Dr. Imbert in writing about this holy soul. The Claire mentioned in the letter is a mystic living in France. During World War #1 Our Lord told Clare that He wanted the Sacred Heart woven in the French flag. Clare carried the message to the government officials but they would not believe her; however, Marshall Foch and a General, whose name I have forgotten, had their wives weave this emblem in accordance with Our Lord's instructions, and they wore ~~it~~ it on their tunics. Sometime I will send you the story of Blessed Mother appearing on the battlefields during the last war. A nun in England was kind enough to translate this account for my two soldier brothers, and I have it in my scrap book. Fr. Jerome makes reference to it in a recent issue of GRAIL, the Oct. issue I believe. It is most edifying and I know you will enjoy reading it.

Have you read yet the book SOUL AFIRE, Father? I love the writing of St. Rose of Lima on the blessings of suffering, and I will copy it for you:

"I was suspended in quiet contemplation, like a light uniting all things, when I saw a flash of wonderful splendour. In the center of the radiance was a rainbow of lucent reflections and colours, and over it another of equal grandeur. Above the upper arch stood the Cross, touched with purple and stained with blood, the nailholes visible. Within the arches shone the human form of my Lord, Christ Jesus, sending out rays of glory. He generously gave me strength to look upon His beauty, for this time I saw Him face to face!....

The arches were of fugitive colours, like none I see on earth. And looking upon my Lord in their midst I felt inexplicable flames of glory reach the depths of my soul, so that I could almost think myself free of the prison of this world.

Then, in the hands of the Lord, I saw a great scales, with balances and squadrons of angels, illustrious with festive ornament, who bowed before the Divine Majesty. They were joined by hosts of the souls of the blessed, who made ceremonious reverence before the Saviour, and then drew apart. The Angels, taking the balances, began to load afflictions, laying some upon others as if they wished to discover exactly the severity of each one, and when they were perplexed by this, Christ intervened and took upon Himself the office of arbiter. He made the scales true, and from the piles upon the balances distributed afflictions to the souls present there, setting aside for me a heavy portion of diversity. Afterwards, placing new weights upon the balances, blessings were heaped upon blessings, and as the angels leaned to read the weight Christ intervened again, his omnipotent arm alone being equal to the task. He marked it exactly, and with great attention divided among the souls as many blessings as He had given them afflictions. To your handmaid He distributed inestimable riches. This done, the Saviour raised His voice and said with majesty: 'Know that the grace corresponds to tribulations. This is the one true Scales of Paradise.' And when I heard Him speak I longed to rush out into the plaza and tell all people the truth. My soul almost left my body in its eager ardour, feeling that it could better travel through every land on its mission alone. For no one would cry out against his heavy cross if he knew the balances on which it has been weighed."

Isn't that beautiful, Father, and isn't it sad to hear a good person complain about

over



the little trials which Our Lord sends. I don't think we give enough thanks to God for the ways and means He has taken to teach us the true value of lasting things, do you?

This book is full of such stories, and every priest should have a copy because it contains so much good material for meditation, as well as for sermons.

Now, I must tell you what St. John of the Cross did for me. For a long time I have wanted Fr. Schouppe's PURGATORY, also Pellegrino's CHRISTIAN TRUMPET. I tried all the used book stores, had dealers advertise, searched in the stores in NY, etc., etc., without success, but I do not give up easily, so on the eve of the Feast of St. John of the Cross I told him that I am so interested in the subject which was his life's work, and wouldn't he please encourage me by sending me one of these books. Then I went to the store which said they did not have either of these books, I rolled up my sleeves and went to work. I took every book from the four shelves, and looked like a coal miner when I was thru, but lo and behold, I found not one but both of them. That PURGATORY cost 25¢ and CHRISTIAN TRUMPET 25¢. I would have paid \$25. for either. That taught me a good lesson... that the saints will not be outdone in generosity, because I would have been more than happy with just one of the books. I am afraid I am too attached to my books, but I loan them to whoever will write for them, so I hope Our Lord will take that into consideration and not judge me too severely for being book-greedy.

I am enclosing a set of the Padre Pio pictures, and I hope you will like them. My Christmas mail brought some beautiful pictures, and one which I like especially well is an unpublished picture of Little Flower taken in their cloistered garden, Little Flower as Mistress of Novices with four of her novices. It came to me from a friend who received it from a priest in Poland, who received permission from L. Flower's family to have a few copies made for trustworthy friends. God is more than good to me, and to show my appreciation I like to share my treasures with others. If you want more of the Padre Pio pictures, or others I have in my collection (one of my hobbies is collecting pictures of an unusual nature, religious of course) it will give me real pleasure to send them to you for the good you can do with them.

I believe you know Fr. Ciarus, OSB. If so, you will be happy to know that he is back again at the Abbey, after over a year in Mexico. The monks at St. Meinrad had told me to listen to their midnight Mass over the air, but I went to Midnight Mass at my beloved Holy Cross and had to forego this pleasure; however, when I returned home I did turn on the radio and was just in time to get the priestly blessing... that just about made my Christmas complete, because I love the Benedictiones so dearly, and several of them send me their blessing every night, so it was more than I had hoped for to get the blessing from the Abbey, and to be able to hear the priest giving it. Yes, God is more than good to me.... I you know me well you would know how little I am deserving of such graces, as I am spiritually lazy.

You must forgive me for this lengthy letter, Father. One thing I have never learned is how to make a long story short. I do hope you share my enthusiasm for these things; otherwise you will think me very ~~little~~ foolish for writing in such detail for the first time.

I am enclosing some of my favorite booklets for you... you may have some use for them. Again, let me thank you for your good prayers, and for remembering me at Christmas. If you knew how greedy I am for letters from my friends, you would know how much I appreciated your thoughtfulness in remembering me. I take this opportunity of thanking you for sending me, your blessing thru my friend, Mr. Moran, last year. Please send me your blessing again, Father, and I will remember you in my prayers always. I will write to Frater Joe later and send him some booklets. I wanted to write to him for Christmas, but Fr. Boyer had sent a mass to be typed, so I used my spare time in doing that work, and did not quite make the grade with my Christmas letters, but all my friends were remembered where words mean the most.

With best wishes for you and yours during the coming year, I am with you always and in little ways which belonged to Marie-Rose Boyer and which was only used so many times for one of my great friends, and I will use the good prayers. I will pray for you also Father. Merry night when I got in bed I say a good prayer. How happy you have made me with your nice Christmas cards, giving me a share in your

My dear Father Aloysius:

Best of St. John-1945



of their voices for years  
and wonder what a lament  
and problems and diffi-  
culty that comes up in my  
work! Certainly appear-  
tances, but suggested  
for them. As for myself??  
Shall I say it? I know you  
won't like it, you will  
think me ungrateful to  
the Holy Spirit (for he it  
promised me to be) so my  
love for the 3rd person in-  
creases day by day) but  
truthfully before God, I feel  
that my Soul or the actions  
of my life are so colorless  
that no Director can find  
something worth while to  
direct. My blindness? Yes to  
a certain degree, but what  
is much better - the Holy  
Spirit took what in hand,  
how could I preach to

Heath of our Lady of Perpetual Help!

Congregation  
of the Servants  
of the Holy Heart of Mary



St. Mary's  
Hospitals

S. L. C. M. Novitiate  
June 27, 1945

Reverend Father Aloysius  
Compton, California

Dear Father,

I am much won-  
dering if my letter will  
reach you at Compton! I  
wonder if you have had  
a change of employment?  
Father Juden and Merete?  
visited us a few weeks  
ago - Father Juden seemed  
(an) surprised to receive his  
appointment. I can well  
understand for he has  
been off duty for quite a  
few years. I don't it almost  
improbable that he can get  
around again? I have  
many friends and former  
I want to thank you for



your letter of the 11th of Feb. 11.

of the Holy Spirit of Mary  
Conception



11

your beautiful letter of Feb. 11. Our Lady of Lourdes secretly quickened your thought. Father you need never hesitate to write to any one. Your letters are an uplift of the soul and an inspiration.

S. M. Medatrix wishes to be remembered to you; she always gets the most beautiful smiles when I mention your name to her. But as you know she is silenced on all spiritual subjects, so I know absolutely nothing and Rev. Mother never speaks to me about her in anything that concerns her mystical life!

Sister M. Branda is expecting a new assignment. She always had a real repugnance for her work in the Novitiate, but

it queer that I just lose my work here and that she dislikes her so much? She always says that I have the "better part" of course I realize that. I have the consolation of catching glimpses of beautiful souls - my work is mostly spiritual while hers is mostly material.

I don't recall if I told you that we have a Personal Father that comes regularly once a month for our collection day. He gives two conferences on that day and hears confessions. One conference is for all the ladies, but the second is just for the Novitiate - he gives it in the Novitiate conference room. He is very good and very helpful for he has been "Mother





where without dis-  
ciplining myself?  
This weakness is  
much better, but  
not yet perfect! I  
still daily say, "Grant me  
the grace, O Lord, to advance  
in prayer. Give me an attain-  
ment, many spiritual exercises  
and facility in performing them  
well. Grant me so powerful  
and so efficacious a grace,  
that I may derive from this  
prayer the exercise of all that  
I have not declined that I  
should derive from it." My  
meditations are always the  
same, always at the Prayer of  
Simplicity, loving and adoring  
the Blessed Trinity within my  
soul with, a repetition of the  
Gloria Patri, trying to give  
this Triune God praise, honor  
and glory! Perfect calmness

I do not know whether I  
shall make the 1st Retreat  
in November July 9-16 or in  
Bear Aug 8-15. But please pray  
for me and us during  
those two weeks.  
I am expecting four  
Parulants, perhaps five  
July 22<sup>nd</sup>. One is a little  
Spanish-Mexican girl boarding  
at S.P.A under the protec-  
tion of your Father Michael.  
2. Yeko, Miss Thence, Seneca  
promises well for the future.  
She is very spiritual, German,  
understands and has a high  
ideal of the Religious life. She  
hopes to take the name of  
Sister Mary Charles!! I think  
it will turn out that way.  
Enclosure find a penit  
Mass intention.  
God bless you daily more  
and more. Father until he  
gives you the greatest of all  
His blessings - His very self.  
Ever yours spiritually, Mary's Heart





reigns within, but  
I never seem to  
advance, I am  
always at the same  
stage: acquiesced  
contemplation.  
waiting, waiting, wait-  
ing for the Passive Prayer  
and Mytical Marriage!  
Faded am I in an illusion?  
Am I just losing my  
time, I would love and  
be so happy to really believe  
that my soul has real  
worth and that it is not  
just a common, ordinary  
soul. But as I under-  
stand just what Passive  
Prayer is, I know I am  
not living it! Prayer does not  
work in me according  
to the description of St. John  
of the Cross nor of St. Teresa!  
Nevertheless, I know I am

in the right path and my  
life is one of more than or-  
dinary feeling! I mean  
that Passive is as habitual  
a state of my soul - it has  
always been thus! At the  
heart cooling of this fervor,  
it suffices, to say I know  
Ven. Sanchez or Gloria. Take  
and perform a few extra  
mortifications, and my  
same state of fervor returns.  
I am not unhappy, but I  
have such a great consci-  
encing longing for Union  
with God that suffering  
of not suffering is the only  
way I can relieve it.  
But poor Father, why bore  
your health, this same tale  
of woe which you have  
heard so many times! But  
that is exactly how I truly feel  
about my spiritual life!!



Dear Reverend Father,

I am writing this in Chapel now and will send this as I write it on the only available paper here.

I have been desirous of writing to you; but I have wondered whether or not you wished to continue this correspondence. The fact that you did not answer my last letter made me feel that, perhaps you felt it better not to write.

If this be so, please do not hesitate to tell me. I shall understand; and I shall be eternally grateful to you for all that you



have done.

I am in a position  
as local superior to help  
different Sisters. They  
seem to want to come.

I have been wondering  
if the following is not  
a temptation. It has  
seemed lately that on  
two or three occasions  
that I have been told  
that my ideals are so  
high. - One who has  
just been made Pro-  
vincial said just in  
passing: "You are stoical;  
hard on yourself;  
although you are not



so hard on others."

Others would want  
more of the natural  
friendship from me than  
I would give them.

And oh, how I long  
to live a life of real  
prayer! Sometimes I  
wonder if I really  
pray. — I am still  
busy about many  
things: always planning:  
but this is mostly for  
others.

About a week or  
so ago I tried going  
to a confessor (I did  
not know anything of the



Priest: just went to a church where Jesuits were hearing confession) for help in living the higher life. I simply said to him: "I am wondering if I am doing all I should in the spiritual life".

His answer was rather vague in suggesting to me that we cannot measure what we do in the spiritual life.

- I wasn't satisfied; but perhaps I did not ask enough.



I seem far away  
from what I have  
wanted. At times the  
way seems dark. The  
natural would be  
inclined to pull one  
in its direction.

I would do  
anything to attain  
the perfect accom-  
plishment of His  
will!

Sincerely yours in C.S.,  
Sister Marie Helen